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Mason H.H. Co.





THE  
SESSION  
OF  
MUSICIANS.

IN IMITATION of the  
Session of Poets.

*By M<sup>r</sup>. Hambleton*

---

*Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque  
Carminibus venit ; ————— HOR. de Arte Poet.*

*The Strings he touch'd with more than human Art,  
Which pleas'd the Judge's Ear, and sooth'd his Heart ;  
Who soon judiciously the Palm decreed,  
And to the Lute postpon'd the squeaking Reed.*

CROXAL'S Ovid. Metam.

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THE  
SESSION  
OF  
MUSICIANS, &c.

**A** *POLLO*, (the God both of Musick and Wit) —  
To summon a Court did lately think fit;  
No Poets were call'd! — the God found, in vain  
He hop'd, that a Bard shou'd the Laurel obtain;  
Since what was his Right he cou'd not dispose  
To one noted for Sense, in Metre or Prose;  
The Laureat's Place to the Court he resign'd,  
And the Bays for the best Musician design'd;  
As o'er these Twin-Arts he's known to preside,  
To Sounds he'd allow, what to Wit was deny'd.

THE long expected Day's at last declar'd,  
And th' *Op'ra-House* for such a Crowd prepar'd;  
Just as when *Hegg-r* with pious View,  
(Careful of Innocence, to Virtue true,)



All Sexes, Ranks, and Int'rests flyly joins,  
 Whilst the gay Hall with Lights the Day out-shines :  
 Bright in his glorious Rays *Apollo* came,  
 And first his Officers of State did name ;  
 Th' Academy-Directors all appear'd,  
 And equal to their Skill in Sounds preferr'd ;  
 One waits his Nod, his Will another writes,  
 Some give him Tea, and some — do snuff the Lights ;  
 Soon as the God the lovely *Swiss* survey'd,  
 Master of Ceremonies he was made ;  
*B-nst-t* and *B-sc-i* (who peep'd in for Sport,)  
 Were pitch'd upon for Criers to the Court ;  
 In *Recitative* they roar the God's Commands,  
 Whilst Count *V--n--a* as the Porter stands.  
 No sooner was the God's dread Will made known,  
 The Time and Place proclaim'd, and fix'd his Throne ;  
 Composers and Performers — all prepar'd  
 To shew their Skill, and claim the great Reward ;  
 Like Bodies to their Centre swift they ran,  
 And each by Merit hop'd to be the Man !  
 But e'er my Muse proceeds, let's view the Race,  
 Whose various Tribes did crowd the spacious Place ;  
 Like Brother *Homer* tell each Hero's Name,  
 Where his Abode, or whence his Parents came,  
 And what his Rank in the Records of Fame.  
 Masters of various Instruments flock here,  
 The *Scottish* Pipe, and *British* Harp appear ;  
 Lutes and Guitars do form a beauteous Line,  
 Whilst Dulcimers with Pipe and Tabor join ;  
 From gay *Moorfields* sweet Singers did attend ;  
*Wapping* and *Redriff* did their Fiddlers send ;  
 Of my Lord Mayor's choice Band there came the Chief,  
 Who whet his Lordship's Stomach to his Beef ;

The

The Parish-Clerks and Waits form one large Group,  
 And Organists swell up that bright, Psalm-singing, Troop ;  
 Each Dancing-Master held it wond'rous fit,  
 To flourish thither with his little *Kit* ;  
 The *Play-House* Bands in decent Order come,  
 Conducted thither by a Tragick Drum ;  
 Th' *Op'ra Orchest* them o'er-look'd with Pride,  
 And shew'd superior Skill — in a superior Stride ;  
 Composers next march'd with an Air and Grace,  
 Some in a light, some in a solemn Pace ;  
 Various they seem to the Beholder's Eye,  
 These *Largo* walk, — and others — *Presto* — fly ;  
 Above the Clouds they raise their Heads sublime,  
 They tread on Air — and step in Tune and Time ;  
 None fail'd that e'er set Note, or Grave, or Airy,  
 From Doctor *P<sup>e</sup>-p<sup>ch</sup>*, down to Master *C<sup>a</sup>-ry*.  
 From this promiscuous Race such Clamours rise,  
 As stun the God, and rend the vaulted Skies ;  
 In Storms tempestuous some did loudly roar,  
 In sporting Waves some wanton'd to the Shore ;  
 With vast Cascades these thunder'd from on high,  
 In creeping Murmurs others glided by ;  
 Here blushing *Boreas* with his Train did sound,  
 There milder Gales did gently sweep the Ground :  
 Thus Voices Treble, Base, and Tenor, join  
 In glorious Discord ; — Harmony Divine  
 With Noise tumultuous into Court they rush,  
 Scarce cou'd the God himself their Fury hush ;  
 In vain tall *B---s* gaping o'er the Crowd,  
 With hideous Jaws, bawl'd Silence out aloud  
 Till from his Throne the anger'd God arose,  
 Whose awful Nod the Tempest did compose ;  
 Then the *Swiss* Count proceeds with comely Grace,  
 To rank each Candidate in's proper Place.

FIRST *P—p—ch* enter'd with majestick Gate,  
 Preceded by a Cart in solemn State ;  
 With Pride he view'd the Off-spring of his Art,  
 Songs, Solo's, and Sonata's load the Cart ;  
 Whose Wheels and Axle-tree with Care dispos'd,  
 Did prelude to the Musick he compos'd.  
 The GOD's soon own'd that if a num'rous Race  
 Cou'd claim in any Art the highest Place ;  
 His Quantity wou'd never be despis'd,  
 But Quality alone in Sounds was priz'd ;  
 He shou'd be satisfy'd with his Degrees,  
 For new Preferment, wou'd produce new Fees.

HIS Fate soft *G—ll—rd* with Care attends,  
 In Sounds and Praise they still prov'd equal Friends ;  
 Shewing his Hautboy and an *Op'ra* Air,  
 He gently whisper'd in his Godship's Ear ;  
 So oft he was distinguish'd by the Town,  
 That without Vanity he claim'd the Crown :  
 The GOD reply'd, — your Musick's not to blame,  
 But far beneath the daring Height of Fame ;  
 Who wins the Prize, must all the rest out-strip ;  
 Indeed you may—a Conjuror equip ;  
 I think your Airs are sometimes very pretty,  
 And give you leave to sing 'em in the City.

AMIDST the Crowd gay *L—r—dge* did stand,  
 Smiles in his Face, and — Claret in his Hand ;  
 The GOD suppos'd he did not come to ask  
 The Bays, — but rather recommend his Flask ;  
 Old Friend, says he, if that your Wine is right,  
 Let's taste — d'ye hear ? — I'll sup with you to Night ;  
 The Laurel if you hope — to do you Justice,  
 You made — a charming Fiend in *Doctor Faustus*.

PLEAS'D

PLEAS'D with their Doom, and hopeful of Success  
~~At~~<sup>the</sup> ~~l~~<sup>o</sup> forward to the Bar did Prefs ;  
 The God perceiv'd the Don the Crowd divide,  
 And e're he spoke, stopp'd short his tow'ring Pride ;  
 Saying, the Bays for him I ne'er design,  
 Who 'stead of mounting, always does decline ;  
 Of ~~Ti~~<sup>the</sup> ~~s~~ ~~Ma~~<sup>i</sup> ~~us~~ you may justly boast,  
 But dull ~~Ves~~<sup>haci</sup> ~~an~~ all that Honour lost.

~~C~~<sup>ar</sup> ~~b~~<sup>at</sup> next him succeeded to the Bar,  
 And hop'd to fix his Fame by something rare ;  
 Up to the God with Confidence he made,  
 And's Instrument *De Venere* display'd,  
 How ! Crys the God ! (and frowning told his Doom,)  
 Am I for such poor Trifles hither come ?  
 Pray tickle off your *Venery* at Home :  
 Or else to cleanly *Edinburgh* repair,  
 And from ten Stories high breathe Northern Air ;  
 With tuneful *G-rd-n* join, and thus unite,  
 Rough *Italy* with *Scotland* the Polite.

*APOLLO*'s piercing Eye just then espy'd,  
 Merry *L-i-lt* stand laughing at one side ;  
 He gently wav'd him to him with his Hand,  
 Wondring, he at that Distance chose to stand ;  
 Smiling, he said, I come not here for Fame,  
 Nor do I to the Bays pretend a Claim ;  
 Few here deserve so well, the God reply'd,  
 But Modesty does always Merit hide ;  
 A Supper for some Friends I've just bespoke,  
 Pray come — and drink your Glass — and crack your Joke.

ILL fated *R<sup>eci</sup>ng<sup>ra</sup>ve* approach'd the Bar,  
 With meagre Looks, and thrumming a Guittar :

Quite

Quite out of Tune *Apollo* found his Head,  
 And if he gain'd the Bays, he'd run stark mad;  
 So call'd his Friends, and said, a little Rest,  
 A darken'd Room, and Straw, wou'd fit him best,  
 Where to employ him as he lay *perdu*,  
 He might new sett *Roland le Furieux*.

NEXT him *Ge<sup>ni</sup>-n<sup>ia</sup>-ni* did appear,  
 With Bow in Hand, and much a sober Air;  
 He simper'd at the God, as who wou'd say,  
 You can't deny me, if you hear me play;  
 Quickly his Meaning *Phœbus* understood,  
 Allowing what he did was very good;  
 And since his Fame all Fiddlers else surpasses,  
 He set him down First Treble at *Parnassus*.

*Gr<sup>ee</sup>-n*, *C<sup>ro</sup>-fts*, and some in the Cathedral Taste,  
 Their Compliments in form to *Phœbus* past;  
 Whilst the whole Choir sung Anthems in their Praise,  
 Thinking to chant the God out of the Bays;  
 Who far from being pleas'd, stamp'd, fum'd, and swore,  
 Such Musick he had never heard before;  
 Vowing he'd leave the Laurel in the lurch,  
 Rather than place it in an *English Church*.

*D<sup>e</sup>-p<sup>er</sup>-t*, well powder'd, gave himself an Air,  
 As if he cou'd not fail of Fortune there,  
 Who always prov'd successful with the Fair;  
 The God his Passion hardly cou'd contain,  
 For's spoiling Opera-Songs in *Drury-Lane*:  
 But hop'd his Skill he'd in it's Sphere confine,  
 His Fire betwixt the Acts wou'd Brilliant shine.

As he walk'd off, who stepp'd into his Place,  
 But Signor *P<sup>ro</sup>-po* with his Four-string'd Bafs:  
 How far his Merit reach'd, the God did know,  
 And bow'd to him, and's Bafs, prodigious low;  
 Vowing to him alone the Bays he'd grant,  
 Cou'd the *Orchestre* but his Prefence want;  
 Since that was Time and Reputation losing,  
 Keep to your Playing, and leave off Composing.

THE God turn'd round, and found just seated by him,  
 His old Acquaintance, *Nicolino H<sup>ym</sup>*;  
 With a kind Smile he whisper'd in his Ear,  
 But what —— no living Creature then cou'd hear;  
 Since that we're told, the God of's special Grace,  
 Confirm'd him in his Secretary's Place.

HAD I a thousand Tongues, or equal Hands,  
 I cou'd not speak, nor write the Half of their Demands;  
 A Blockhead's Indignation it wou'd raife,  
 When *C<sup>a</sup>-ry* by his Ballads fought the Bays;  
*Claude Jean Jillicr*, to his immortal Glory,  
 Danc'd thither with his *Chansonettes a Boire*;  
 Big with his Hopes small *T<sup>p</sup>-n* too repairs,  
 To claim the Crown by thin *North-British* Airs;  
 A Title King *Latinus* strongly grounds,  
 Upon his nice Anatomy of Sounds;

C

Evn

Ev'n *W<sup>a</sup>-ll* perks up, — and crys — the Laurel's mine,  
 What are your Notes? — unless you wisely join  
 My brighter Name, in print, to make 'em shine:  
 Nay, Signor *R<sup>a</sup>-ll*'s Confidence affords  
 Some Plea, — for finding scoundrel *Op'ra* Words.

THE weary'd God the wretched Crowd surveys,  
 And met with nothing equal to the Bays;  
 His radiant Eyes, eclips'd by fullen Care,  
 In vain look'd round — but *H<sup>a</sup>-n<sup>de</sup>-l* was not there;  
 How cou'd he hope to fill the vacant Throne,  
 In absence of his fam'd, — his darling Son?

JUST then grim *B<sup>on</sup>-on<sup>cin</sup>-i* in the Rear,  
 Most Fearless of Success came to the Bar;  
 Two *Philharmonick Damsels* grac'd his Train,  
 Whilst his strong Features redden'd with Disdain;  
 Dear *A-f-a* hung upon his Arm,  
 Each Lisp and side-long Glance produs'd its Charm;  
 Black *P<sup>e</sup>-g<sup>l</sup>-y* he was forc'd to hawl along,  
 Humming a Thorough-Bass, — and he a Song:  
 Silent, his rolling Eyes the God survey'd,  
 Then one Hand soothing *Cr-po*'s *Airs* display'd,  
 The other held a decent *Roman* Maid;  
 But had you seen the vast and sudden Change;  
 Incredible! — to easy *Faith* most strange!  
 As Calms succeed a raging Wintry Flood,  
 The restless Throng like Senseless Statues stood;  
 From the dull Cell of Sloth such Vapours rise,  
 As clap their Pad-locks on all Ears and Eyes;

*Divinity* itself cou'd not withstand  
 Those peaceful Potions from a mortal Hand ;  
 O're active Life Stupidity did creep, —  
 The wakeful God of Day fell fast asleep. —

N O T long they slept — *Fame's* Trumpet, loud and vast,  
 Fill'd the large Dome with one amazing Blast ;  
 Streight were they freed from Sleep's lethargick Chains,  
 And captiv'd Life it's Liberty regains ;  
 The Goddesses ent'ring, shook the trembling Ground,  
 Her breathing Brasses from Earth to Heav'n did sound ;  
 One Hand her Trumpet held with beauteous Grace,  
 The other led a Hero to his Place ;  
 Whose Art more sure than *Cupid's* Bow gives Wounds,  
 And makes the World submit to conqu'ring Sounds ;  
 When he appear'd, — not one but quits his Claim,  
 And owns the Power of his superiour Fame ;  
 Since but one *Phoenix* we can boast, — he needs no Name :  
 The God he view'd with a becoming Pride,  
 Determin'd not to beg, — and easy if deny'd ;  
 Him *Phæbus* saw with Joy, — and did allow,  
 The Laurel only ought to adorn his Brow ;  
 For who so fit for universal Rule,  
 As he who best all Passions can controul ;  
 So spoke the God ; — and all approv'd the Choice,  
 E'en Ignorance and Envy gave their Voice ;  
 Who wisely judg'd, the Sentence did applaud,  
 And conscious Shame the poor Pretenders aw'd.

T H U S



THUS when this World in Nature's Lap first lay,  
 In all the Charms of Youth and Beauty gay ;  
 The joyous Parent o'er her Infant smil'd,  
 Whilst Satan view'd with Spite the Faultless Child ;  
 With hellish Malice fraught, he wond'ring stood,  
 And tho' he curs'd it, — own'd that it was good.

**E N D**



































































